

and go flying forward to see a corner or two of the strange world. Trousers would not hamper her to do this; why should petticoats?

Mr. Hyde she believed to be the true man. His lying tongue had deceived her. His desire to please her had been coupled with signs of courtesies and respect. He had worn a mask to her. It was part of the game he was playing, but in a moment, which from his long experience in the game he had thought opportune, a look, a word and a movement of the hand had betrayed him. He had intended that it should betray him, for he thought the time to uncover had arrived. But he did not know the woman, and none of his experience with other women gave him anything for comparison. Mrs. Chapman was not near falling into any such coarsely made, illy conceived and openly arranged trap. Nor in fact, into any trap. She had been blind to see that one was being laid, it is true, but her womanly instincts informed her that there was a snare, instantly it was completely set.

They returned to the hotel together. Mr. Hyde soon after retired to his rooms up town to tell his room mate, without mentioning any names, that he had met the most uncompromisingly funny woman, he supposed, that there was in the world.

He had dangled after and had angled for her in the usual manner; but had found that she was not to be thus caught, at least, he consoled himself, at present.

And then he retired virtuously to bed, to be aroused at an early hour to take a train to meet a business appointment.

And so we will leave him, indignant, aggrieved, thinking himself deceived and wronged by a woman, but sure to get his revenge elsewhere in due time.

The woman thought it over. "There is something wrong about it all," she said. "I earned my living as a girl. I was treated no better than male employes. I didn't want any better treatment. I do not need a guardian to keep me from going wrong or astray. I want to enjoy myself and to see the world. I want to be as free as a man. Why not?"

Why not, indeed, why not? There are a dozen or more reasons. An important one is that there is a certain great Sphinx who asks questions. You must answer those questions right, or be devoured or cast out, if you are a woman.

If you are a man you may snap your fingers under the very nose of this terrible Sphinx, who does not eat you nor cast you out, but winks and smiles and gets ready a new and fearful question for one of your sisters.

This is only an episode in this woman's life. She tried friendship once afterwards, and failing again, she fell into a cynical and contriving frame of mind. During the interval, while this lasted, she was disagreeable, her husband thought.

After this there was a child, of whom husband and wife were very fond. And as he grew strong, healthy and full of childish questions the mother grew less restless and more tender.

The child answered some questions for her. She felt that here was a compensation for the dull and quiet life to which she seemed to be sentenced. And when other children came she found her joy in them. Her husband's business affairs prospered, and after a while he gave up the road and became a resident partner in the house he had represented so long.

One day, long afterward, he brought a friend to dine with him. He presented him to his wife, saying:

"Mr. Hyde says he knew you long ago, my dear."

"Oh, yes," says the lady sweetly, "I did know him so very long ago."

#### Rheumatic Twinges

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White china to decorate at Crancer's, 212 So. 11th.

## JOE KERR'S OFFICE BOY ON BABIES.

There is three kinds of babies. Babies that ain't borned yet, babies that is borned and babies that never o't to bin borned, and doll babies, but cat's babies is kittens, and dogs' babies is pups, but a cow's baby is a calf, and soforth.

Babies is bawled and bald. Good babies is the kind you read about. They are mostly dead, or else they belong to uther folks and not to you.

A baby is a small piece of breething skin whitch is like a nuspaper—red awl over (goak). Some fokes uses them for clocks, because a baby's insides is all full of yells, and when he goes off it is night, and most parunts knows it is time for them to git up.

Some babies was invented by Mr. Edison and some by uther men, but Mayor Weir never invented none. Oh no; he is 2 slick.

Babies is devided into 2 kinds—boys and the kind that never o't to bin borned—girls. But twins and triplers is the uther kind whitch comes in groups. They come to hi for most famblies. But i think it's 2 bad about my ant mary—pa ses God wou't never let her have no twins nor triplers, nor anything, 'cause he's down on old mades. But a kitten can lick its oan muther.

Babies ain't got no teeth; but they want to swaller thare oan fists and everything, the littul suckers! But thare is too mutch babies in this world, anyhow. If docturs would only mind thare oan bisnis and cure sick fokes more and not go round for so mutch new babies awl the time, the world wou'dn't have haf so mutch trouble. They could cure awl the collick and meezles on erth by not finding no more babies, and littul boys like me would get some atenshun, too.

If uther babies growed in egs like a hen's, you could eat them, and they wou'dn't be borned to squall and waste milk on. But a duck's babies is called goslums.

Some babies is very tuff. You can drop them on the floor and knock thare heds on the wall and slam them awl ovar the house and they won't kick none, nor cry. They don't have no hooping colf, nor nothing. They never wake up and thare stummicks don't ake, because they are full of saw dust, and they are doll babies.

Our baby makes me tired—she crows 2 mutch. i gess she's stuck on herself.

Uncle bob don't like Babies no more. He used to dote on

them, but he don't dote no more. Ourn cured him. ma she let him hold the baby, and that settled it.

i gess unckle don't no the rite name for pants, for when he was agoing away he said that darned brat of ourn had dampened his ardor. He always was grate for big words. But a mouse ain't a rat's baby any more then a bullit is a cannon-ball's little boy.

Lams is baby shupes with wool whiskers on thare outsides to make clothes out of for store-keepers to stick you with. But if babies could only stay littul they would be hapy, for When they git growed up and havt to hump for a living they find out what a hard, coaled spere this world is, you bet.

Jay babies is borued on farms, and has one nerse, which is its muther; but city babies is brot up on a bottil, and hast to be interdused to its muther 2 or 5 times a year, because city muthers has got to be swell. But it ain't swell to watch out for kids when you git them.

'Dopted babies is the kind that grows on door-steps. An' once thay was a good man whitch never had no children, an' so he went to sea for six yeres and left his wife to home. So when he come thare agen there was two littul boys and two littul girl babies waiting for him, whitch was a hapy surprise. So, no more now.

GEORGIE.



"Jus' tink Lige, dem freaks is what dey calls Africans."

Visitor—Can you tell me where Mr. Greencorn's cottage is?

Country Youth—I can for a nickel.

Visitor—Here it is; now where is it?

Country Youth—It's burnt down.